Thursday

I am a happy, bubbly kid. I always try to look at the positive side of things, and I’ll cover up any negative aspects of a day. I like to think differently than everyone else, and I enjoy doing so. Most people will come upon a situation, let it happen, and remember it. I choose to analyze a situation, ask myself why it is happening, and learn from it. Although I may not show it, I don’t always think positive. Sad feelings can build up faster than happy ones, and internally, I always have some sort of sad within me.

At the beginning of the day I wake up, and in doing so, think about how yesterdays decisions may not have been the best. Groggy as I am in the morning, I try to put a positive outlook on the day ahead of me. After all, I have a lot to do. School is stressful, so Is work, and coffee does not pull me through an entire day. After the major part of the day, I ask some friends to join me at a diner to get something to eat, which they agreed to.

It’s been a *very* long day. Situations that occurred though the day have built up in my head, and I’m still processing what happened. Though the day at school (which I hated) I kept to myself, didn’t really feel like talking to anyone. Some people can be real jerks. What makes someone want to pick on a kid who hasn’t done anything to be picked on? That was me. Of course I have friends, but there is always the one person who says something to you, that offended you personally, but I wont show it.

Work sucks too, I was only 14, but I got about 12 dollars for putting pamphlets into mailboxes for a pizza company. 2 hours of walking around and putting papers in mailboxes is not fun, and not a way to throw an awesome ending on a horrible day.

Work ended, school ended, I had some free time. I invited a few friends to go eat at a diner. These were two of my closest friends, and we like talking about our day. We walked in and sat down, got some food and ate. I was going to use most of my money from working that day to pay for my dinner. It got around 9 PM and I have to walk home, so we decided it was almost time to leave. At this moment I was low, lower than I had been before. Stress is a hell of a downer, and I had lots of it. I just wanted to go home and sleep. As we called the waiter over to ask for a check, I thought about how life is going to suck if its like this everyday. I mean really though, wake up, school, work, spend, broke, sleep. I didn’t want to see this stuff everyday. I was lower in self esteem then the nerdy kids at school. I had no hope for humanity as I felt that everyone was against me. Everything that went wrong today was swirling around in a thought hurricane in my head and I didn’t want to have it.

The waiter came up to our table and said “your meals have been paid for by an anonymous person, He does it every Thursday”.

Just as I thought I had nothing left, as I thought that nothing would get better, I got the little ray of sunshine that breaks through the cloud. I was astonished, that in this world where everyone thinks for themselves, and only for themselves, that one person could make a huge difference on my life, by a simple random act of kindness. At this point, I had no thought process. I was in a small state of shock. It felt awkward, and I didn’t know how to react, however, I felt great.

This person obviously had some sort of purpose behind his actions, but what was it? Maybe in this persons head, the thought of maybe giving some sort of delight or happiness to some people drives them to do it again. Maybe I’m over reacting. But the impact of this person’s action smacked me with a wall of relief. This person must have a story behind why he executed such a kind act. Maybe someone did this for this person and now he’s passing on the favor.

But what really sparked my thoughts, was how it impacted me. I had the thought that no one really cared for others unless they knew them personally. In the storm of our world we have so many unbelievable actions committed by people that it can numb you. My observations told me that I should keep to myself, and sustain myself as long as I could. I was so wrong.

Helping someone can seem like an enormous task, because we often over think what helping someone actually is. Large services like taking care of an elderly person, or cleaning up after someone can seem like such a drag. In all reality, some small tasks can really lift someone’s mood and give them a more positive outlook on life. The possibilities of helping someone are endless. The average persons thought train over thinks helping people. So next time you see someone in a distressful situation, just a small ray of help can encourage a positive atmosphere in that person’s life for a very long time.